

a train of ponies lumbering portward with their loads of produce from the valley farms, or a group of Icelanders careering coastward, pounding their ponies' sides at every step. Upon the farm the rider does it to keep his feet warm, and at last the animal comes to look upon it as the proper thing, and is somewhat at a loss without the constant kicking.

After crossing the lava plain, where many a pretty floweret, and many a delicate spike of grass, or tuft of moss rewards a search, however superficial, the track leads up the steep ascent to Mosfellsheithi. A height of about one thousand feet is soon attained, and an undulating plateau lies



THINGVALLA LAKE.

before us. The trend is downwards, and soon the wilderness of wild chaotic rockland gives way to one of grassy grave-like hummocks, where the ponies' feet have deepened the wind-frost-bitten gashes into veritable trenches. A long-legged rider may have some trouble here, unless he looks ahead and learns to 'ware the hillocks. The ladies have the easiest task, for their little footboards keep them clear. A road, however, is being made, which possibly will reach to Geysir some day. Presently, through gorges on our right, the placid waters of Thingvallavatn, the second largest lake in Iceland, come in sight, with the black crater mouths of Sandey and of